# Fairlight

by
Bo Jangeborg

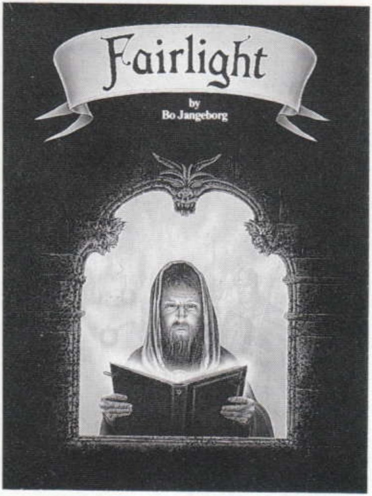


## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Storyline by Bo Jangeborg with Cheri and Tim Langdell.

Graphics by Bo, with assistance from the inimitable Jack (with special thanks for the start screen, Jack). All graphics made possible entirely by **The Artist** and **Grax** (also by Bo).

Our very many thanks to 'Clever Music' for the music, and to Stuart Hughes for the 'Fairlight' cover artwork.




Published in Britain by The Edge, 12/13 Henrietta Street, London WC2E 8LH.

# AN INTRODUCTION

Welcome to the Land of Fairlight. You are about to enter a world of wonder and magic. Fairlight represents the 'state of the art' in 3-dimensional graphic adventures. What makes Fairlight rather special is a programming environment called 'The 3-D Worldmaker Technique'.

This technique allows a level of graphic and 3-dimensional realism never seen before on a home computer. Every object that you come across in this game has its own special attributes. You can move most objects around at will and even stack them into piles if you wish.

Objects and characters in general have 'real world' features, such as weight, momentum and sometimes a degree of intelligence, too. Although, for instance you (as the hero 'Isvar') have 5 'pockets' to carry things in, you may not be able to carry as many as 5 — what you can carry also depends on the weight of the objects. And as you'd logically expect, pushing a lightweight object like a key makes it travel further than pushing a heavy object like a barrel.

This revolutionary technique has also allowed (as you'll see) an unrivalled degree of detail to be added to the 3-D rooms and caverns. The net result is a 'realistic' castle and accompanying cave system which you can feel free to explore. But keep your eyes open! As in real-life not everything which you can search for is easy to spot! Many objects have, well, 'magical' uses. All is not as may first meet the eye . . .

This game may take you several months to solve — so do not sit down expecting to see all that Fairlight has to offer on the first evening!

We sincerely hope that you have as much pleasure playing Fairlight as Bo Jangeborg had in creating it. Keeping your eyes pealed for **Fairlight II,** coming next from Bo, via The Edge.

London, Spring 1986.

# PLAYING FAIRLIGHT

**Playing Fairlight**

Commodore versions: If you have a Commodore 64, then Fairlight is loaded by simply pressing the SHIFT and RUN/STOP keys together and allowing the tape to play. Please ensure that the tape is fully rewound before loading commences. If you have a Commodore 128 then you will need to load Fairlight from within the '64' mode. Otherwise the instructions are as for the '64.

Amstrad-Schneider owners: The game is loaded and run by holding down the CRTL and the small ENTER keys at the same time. You should see a request to press PLAY on the tape deck and then to press any key.

DISC LOADING: Commodore owners should simply enter the following:

LOAD "FL",8,1. Amstrad owners should enter: RUN"FL".

In all cases, Fairlight will automatically start when loading is complete.

**Game controls:**

| Commodore 64/128 | | Amstrad | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Key | Function | Key | Function |
| Y,U,I,O,P,@ | UP & RIGHT | P | UP & RIGHT |
| G,H,J,K,L,: | DOWN & LEFT | L | DOWN & LEFT |
| Q,W,E,R,T | UP & LEFT | Q | UP & LEFT |
| A,S,D,F | DOWN & RIGHT | S | DOWN & RIGHT |
| /,SHIFT (right) | JUMP | SHIFT | JUMP |
| comma,N,M,'.' | FIGHT | SPACE | FIGHT |
| X,C,V,B | PICK UP | 1 – 5 | OBJECTS/POCKETS |
| SHIFT(left),Z | DROP | 6 | PICK UP |
| 1 – 5 | OBJECTS/POCKETS | 7 | DROP |
| 7,8,9,0 | USE | 8 | USE |
| RETORE | RESTART GAME | TAB/ESC | RESTART GAME |
| RUN/STOP | PAUSE | CTRL | PAUSE |

**Joystick:**

Both Commodore and Amstrad versions are designed to operate with a joystick. In the case of the Commodore, please use the joystick in PORT1.

**Objects in the Land of Fairlight:**

To help you to identify some of the objects in Fairlight, here is a short list of some of the most common ones that you'll encounter in your quest: Stool, Book, Barrel, Decanter, Keys, Goldbag, Potion, Plant, Bread, Chicken and Scroll. Most objects have a use and some may not be just what they seem!

PS: Clues to solving Fairlight are scattered everywhere. Not only in the game, but look closely at the cover, start-screen, and the following text, too!

# CHRONICLES OF THE LAND OF FAIRLIGHT

### 1. A Prelude: The Light Revealed

**A dying land**

It did not happen overnight. The Land of Fairlight had once been a beautious place, peopled by a fair race, led by mighty and worthy Kings and Queens. But the beauty had faded. The leaders had grown weaker and weaker. The Light had all but gone . . .

The history books written by the Elders of days long gone by, talked almost solely of a land of peace, a land of music and jollity. A land where it seemed the sun shone brightly everyday, in clear blue skies.

A land in which magic was everywhere, in everything and in everyone . . .

No one could explain exactly what had gone wrong, although there was no shortage of village story tellers more than willing to try. There had been Gerion, a great and powerful leader standing 8 feet tall, it's said, who led the land into a costly and wasteful war. Ogdar had then replaced the might Gerion only to promptly ban all study of science, music and the magical arts.

There followed a succession of weak rules from Reeth to Leofine, who all allowed the once pristine order to slip into chaos and darkness. And even when a seemingly good leader finally appeared many bad harvests later, his own people murdered him. It was the final sign of a decaying land, and there were many at that time who despaired and left Fairlight for lands far beyond the Cynwulf mountains.

Only the Castle Avars stood alone and silent on the plains of Avarslund. The last dwelling place of a King of Fairlight, the King Avars who some say was King when the Land was still full of magic, before the fall . . .

As long as anyone could remember no one had succeeded in gaining entrance to this last vestage of the land as it once was. Legends about it were to be heard everywhere, with some saying that inside still lived the tall ancestors of Fairlight's people, some saying that a perpetual summer shone within, and yet some saying that within is Segar the Immortal awaiting his moment to bring the Light back to the Land.

But few alive in these times could believe that, as mysterious as this Castle might be. For this was an age of fudalism and a time when Merchants and Barons rule, if any can be said to rule in such a fragmented land.

**A Trespass; A meeting; An unexpected guest**

Nothing was further from Isvar's thoughts than tales of his ancestors, less still of the myths surrounding the Castle Avars.

"The clouds are particularly grey today . . . still I suppose it is July . . ." mused Isvar, "can't help but laugh at the Elders who will claim anything if it suits them — such as the tall tales of days gone by when the skies were clear blue and Solas shone brightly at least 8 hours each day! Blue! Huh. Still they also said don't go near this wood, Ogri's Wood. 'Dangerous', they said, 'evil, nasty place', and they even tried to claim there are poisonous snakes in here. Well I'm sure there's no such snakes in this latitude, and as for their other warnings, well they only serve to support my idea that they are trying to hide something!

Perhaps a treasure? Well certainly something worth finding, and I'm going in to look for it.

"It's certainly dark in here . . . and so silent . . . not a . . . what was that? A crack of a branch? A bat? An owl? Don't get jumpy now Isvar, you're older than that . . . so just . . . what?! a noise again, like someone or something breathing quite close by. I think perhaps I'll return later, better go back for

now. Er, the path was just behind me here, just . . . where's the path gone! It's so dark in here, but even so there's no sign of the path at all!! Help!"

"Don't be afraid young master", came a voice so soothing that Isvar thought for a moment that an angel had spoken. "This is Ogri's wood and Ogri's friends quite safe here, yes, and Ogri like young master, not let harm come to him, no, no harm. Long time since Ogri saw young master, why young master not come again sooner, why leave Ogri here so long on own? Hum? Not like Ogri young master? Huh?"

Isvar's mind and body were both equally frozen by what stood before him. Part of him was still desperately trying to run away, and another part was totally fascinated by this woman-like creature that stood half bent before him. It seemed to know him! But how? And those eyes, those eyes, so soothing, so welcoming so . . .

Isvar sank into a blissful loss of consciousness, and as he did so he felt Ogri lifting him up and starting to carry him away . . .

Isvar woke up what seemed to him to be an eternity later. He was sprawled out on the floor of a cave and the faint glimmer of a typical Fairlight day was easing in through the entrance. There too stood a figure, that of an old man in a hooded cloak. Before Isvar could piece his thoughts together, the old man spoke in a deep, resonant voice.

"Arise Isvar, we have much to do, and if you do not move fast I fear that Ogri will be returning to feast upon you as her breakfast!"

Hardly knowing what to think, Isvar's body almost automatically rose and he found himself following this old man out of the cave and into the glade outside. Still dazed, Isvar managed to stutter, "Who are yyyou? Where am I? Where did you come from?", and another part of him was saying, "moreover how do you know my name??"

"Isvar, you have strayed. You have ignored the warnings of your Elders and entered Ogri's Wood. But I can lead you to safety. Come, this way. Just down this slope and then we're almost out of Ogri's way. You'll be safe then. Come boy! Don't dawdle."

Isvar followed, quite mesmerised by the old man's voice. Down the slope and along a path which suddenly turned sharply and ran alongside a wall.

"This must be an outer wall of the Castle Avars", thought Isvar, "I hadn't realised I was so close to it."

"This way boy! Hurry, we must move fast if we are to get well away from Ogri — she's far more dangerous than you might think. In here, quick boy, in here."

The old man had found an opening in the wall that Isvar could have sworn was not there a moment before. Entering, Isvar had the shock of his life . . .

"But, but, this is the Castle Avars! We're on the inside! But no one has ever got inside — at least the Elders tell us that no one has ever been in here since the last King Avars died over 3,000 years ago."

Even as he spoke, Isvar was aware that the wall behind him was quite seamless, there was not the slightest sign of a doorway of any kind. He was trapped inside! Isvar turned to face the old man and found that he was about to speak, wearing an almost pathetic apologetic face.

"Isvar, I must admit that I have lured you inside this castle. You are wrong to say that none have ever been in here since the King Avars. I myself live here, and have done so for many many years. Lived did I say? Huh! I should say entrapped! For I am a prisoner and what you see before you is merely a projection of myself that I have created by force of my will. I am a prisoner Isvar, in that tower over there. Yes, I was once the court sorcerer to the King Avars, yes I am that old! But the King's slayer entrapped me here all that time ago.

"I have waited Isvar, oh how I have waited! Only one has come before you, and he too I gave the same quest that I give to you this day. But he failed me Isvar. You must not! Do not fail me Isvar.

"Isvar! I must be freed! The only way I can be free is if you can find somewhere here a book — 'The Book of Light'. This book is magic, nay it is more than that for only with it can there be any hope of magic returning to our fair land. You must find it! Bring it to me and my invisible bonds will be broken, and I can assure you Isvar that upon that moment I wil be able to give you the means to leave this castle. But only then!

"Beware, though, Isvar, for those who entrapped me here did not leave me unattended. You will see guards, trolls and many other creations which they have set around this castle to ward off anyone who may succeed in gaining entrance! He who came before you was almost successful — he may have even found the book . . . I don't know. But this I do know, that the guards got him and entrapped him too in the dungeons of this place.

"Go! Quickly Isvar. Hurry, the future of Fairlight depends upon you! And remember this, the book could only be approached by the King Avars! More than that I cannot help you in locating it. But hurry, there is no time to lose!"

And with that last phrase, the vision of the old man seemed to fade and in barely a moment he had disappeared altogether.

"Wait! I said wait!" cried Isvar. "You must know more about where I can find the book! You must know more about how I can find my way around this castle! Surely you can tell me more!"

But no answer came.

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